**Megan's Summer Education Ch. 08**

**CHAPTER 8: DAY OF RECKONING**   
  
AUTHOR'S NOTE: Dear readers, as there are a number of characters, I thought it might be helpful to have a quick guide as a reminder:

* Walters: Geometry teacher, glasses, mustache, average height, 50s, beer belly but not fat.
* Sal Peterson: School janitor/maintenance, heavy set, mid 40s, strong
* Rothman: Father's boss, used to babysit for him; successful, fit, recently divorced, 46
* Quigley: Local businessman, Megan's mom's client; early 40s, lean, tall, former athlete
* Hanson: Neighbor; 50s, slender, sickly, made money on stock
* Yelton: Photographer who took team and senior pictures, 38, biracial, beard, average build
* Granderson: Kasey's dad
* Meeks: Plastic surgeon who did Megan's mom's facelift. 50. Gray hair. Handsome, classy, distinguished. Silent owner of strip club.
* Darrell: Pizza guy, mid-30s, a little chubby with glasses and thinning hair.
* Jock and Muscles (Miles and Joshua): Joshua, black, 6-3, 35, elite athlete. Miles, football player, 6-6, late 30s, co-own gym together and both work as security at Meeks strip club.
* Bud: Met Megan at the carnival, early 50s, black, short and stocky, sick wife, faithful to her, jerks off to videos and pics of Megan, great laugh and smile
* Jim: 22, about 6 feet, pudgy, basketball shooter at carnival. glasses, nice
* Tom: Middle-aged, sandy colored hair, pudgy but not fat -- dad bod, glasses, realtor, rode with Megan on Tilt A Whirl, but very respectful
* Pierce: Defense trainer, very tall, late 30s, powerfully built, short dark hair, strong jaw line, dominant, intimidating
* Mason: Washing machine repair guy; middle-aged with dark hair that had bits of gray in it. About six feet tall with glasses and a goatee. He had a big round belly and friendly smile.
* Jackson Potter: Target employee, 17, senior to be at Megan's school, does the web site
* Michael Brandt: Megan's father who works for Mr. Rothman
* Susan Brandt: Megan's mom; Meeks is her plastic surgeon and Quigley is her client

**THE BOARD MEETING**  
  
Megan woke up on Saturday morning. The first thought in her head should have been about her parents coming home and how, in some way shape or form, her world would be changed forever. Instead, her first thought was, "There's a hard cock in my face. Time to get to work."  
  
Harry was standing next to the bed, tapping his cock on her cheek. "Wake up, wake up, my little cock toy," he said.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said, sleepily. "May I suck your cock?"  
  
"Yes, you may," he said. "But run in the other room and get Kasey. I want you both this morning. It's a special day, as you know."  
  
Megan hopped out of bed and scurried to the other room. Kasey was sound asleep, curled up next to Mick. It was an odd picture, a sexy young girl laying next to an overweight old man, but they looked peaceful and happy and somehow natural. She tapped Kasey on the shoulder, trying not wake Mick. Kasey rolled toward her and opened her eyes. Megan took her hand and pulled her out of bed, "Come on," she whispered. "Harry wants you."  
  
Kasey slipped out of bed, looking back to make sure that Mick was still asleep. The girls, both totally nude, hurried back to Harry, who was now laying in the middle of the bed, cock sticking straight up.  
  
"One of you on each side," he said. "Cock in the middle. Enjoy your breakfast, my sluts. Be sure to enjoy the side dishes too -- suck those balls."  
  
The girls each hopped on a different side of the bed and took their places, leaning in, each putting their mouths on his cock, their lips touching with his tip and shaft between them. They licked and sucked and kissed until his shaft was shiny with their spit and pre-cum oozed out of his fat cock. Then they moved side by side between his legs, each capturing a ball in their mouth and sucking on it while his cock twitched and flexed over their heads.  
  
"If I was president, I would make it a law that every man got this every day," Harry grunted, gently patting both girls on the back of the head. "The world would be a much better place."  
  
Like the long-time teammates they were, Megan and Kasey worked in perfect sync. Megan moved up to suck on Harry's cock while Kasey stuffed both balls in her mouth. After a couple of minutes, they switched roles, continuing the back and forth until Harry finally grabbed both of them by the hair and mashed their lips on both sides of his cock just as he started to cum. They both lapped and sucked on the tip, capturing what they could, then Kasey deepthroated him, draining his final drops, while Megan licked and teased his balls. When he was finally done, the girls licked up all the cum that had spurted on their faces and dripped on his thighs, eagerly swallowing every drop.  
  
"Good job, sluts," Harry praised them. "I'm gonna go take a shower. Give Mick the same treatment, then shower and come down and help get ready for the meeting."  
  
For the first time, Megan looked at the clock. It was 7:30. The meeting was supposed to start at 9. She checked her phone. Her parents had texted that they expected to be home by 2. She hurried with Kasey and woke Mick up by waking his cock up with their naughty tongues.  
  
"Hungry little whores this morning, huh?" Mick said sleepily. "Give you cock all day yesterday and you're on it again by sunrise." He laughed, relaxing and enjoying the attention of these two incredible teens.  
  
Fifteen minutes later, they had slurped up all his balls had to offer and he was in the shower. The girls were instructed to dress for a business meeting, so they picked out their outfits, then took turns in the shower.  
  
Megan finished first and put on a black pencil-style skirt with little silver pinstripes on it. The skirt was slim and snug and very short. On top, she wore a matching vest. Naturally, it was supposed to be worn over a blouse, but she wore only the vest, buttoning two of the three buttons, allowing her cleavage to peak out the top and her bare midriff to be exposed. She wore a black g-string underneath and black-open toed heels with thin straps around the ankles. She had her hair up in a ponytail with a thin black ribbon around her neck. She wore a pair of non-prescription black-framed glasses that made her look studious and oh-so-sexy.  
  
Kasey wore the exact same outfit, making it look like they were wearing company uniforms. They commented that it would be cute if they each had little name tags.  
  
"Of course, instead of Megan and Kasey, they would probably say Slut 1 and Slut 2," Kasey laughed.  
  
"No doubt about it," Megan agreed. "That would be fun, though."  
  
The girls went downstairs at 8:30 and helped the guys pull together tables and chairs, forming a makeshift board room in the finished basement. There was seating for 10, which they thought would probably be enough since several of the guys had indicated they couldn't make the meeting.  
  
The girls got busy making coffee. Mick ran out and got donuts and bagels. Harry set up his laptop, intent on taking notes.  
  
Yelton, the photographer, was the first to arrive at about 8:50. The girls, per Mick and Harry's instructions, greeted him at the door.  
  
"Good morning, Mr. Yelton," Megan said, sounding and looking very business-like, in a naughty secretary sort of way. "Let me show you to the board room."  
  
Megan led him downstairs where Mick and Harry were waiting. The trays of bagels and donuts sat in the middle of the table. "May I bring you some coffee, Mr. Yelton?" Megan asked.  
  
"Yes, thank you," he smiled and watched her walk back up the stairs, then turned and shook hands with Mick and Harry. "Very nice outfits. I like the business you're running here."  
  
Moments later, Kasey led Walters, the geometry teacher, downstairs. One by one the men came, five in all in addition to Mick and Harry. Quigley, the local businessman who was Megan's mom's client, arrived at the same time as Rothman, Megan's dad's boss. Last to arrive was Miles, one of the trainers.  
  
Megan and Kasey made sure all the men had some breakfast and hot coffee, scurrying up and down the stairs to serve these men who were here to make some very important decisions. To this point, the men had only hugged Megan and Kasey and admired their attire. The atmosphere was cordial, but really quite business-like.  
  
Mick and Harry sat at the head of the makeshift board table. Harry typed on his laptop, taking note of the attendees of the meeting. Kasey and Megan sat at the other end of the table, with the others seated in between them along the sides.  
  
"Thank you all for coming," Mick said. "As we mentioned yesterday, we wanted to meet to formalize a plan for extending the training for Megan and Kasey moving forward. Secondly, we wanted to formalize a structure for this school, as we're calling it, with codes of conduct for all members and a model to add additional students."  
  
"We have a few hours to work with here," Harry said. "So this is very open in terms of discussion. The girls are here to answer questions and voice their opinions, but also to give you something to look at and to serve your needs as they arise throughout the morning. We want to hear all ideas, but also to stay focused on these specific action items we need to leave with today."  
  
"So, first topic, what's next for Megan and Kasey?" Mick asked.  
  
"I think we should get their opinions first," Walters said. "We presented them with a lot of options. What interests you, girls?"  
  
Megan and Kasey looked at each other nervously. They hadn't expected to be asked to speak so soon. Kasey spoke first.  
  
"I am very nervous about being shown off in public," Kasey said. "But I like doing sexy photos. So I kinda like the idea of doing the photo shoots with Mr. Yelton and seeing how it works as a business."  
  
Yelton smiled. He would gladly take pictures of these two all day every day.  
  
"Um, and I like the idea of learning about business opportunities," Megan said. "I know Mr. Quigley and Mr. Rothman talked about opportunities to work with them and learn from them while making money."  
  
"That offer stands," Quigley said. Rothman nodded his agreement.  
  
"How would that work?" Harry asked. "Both you guys have relationships with Megan's parents. Would we hide it from them? Tell them and handle the fallout as it comes?"  
  
The men started discussing this, but Megan heard little of it. It was all becoming far too real. She got up and hurried to the bathroom. They could hear her vomiting.  
  
"Something she ate?" Miles asked.  
  
"All she's had to eat today are a couple loads of cum," Harry said, shaking his head. "Kasey, you want to check on her for us?"  
  
"Of course, sir," Kasey said, hurriedly excusing herself to check on her best friend. Kasey knocked on the bathroom door, then let herself in.  
  
"You ok, Meg?" she asked. Megan was on her knees next to the toilet. She was pale and her neck and chest were sweaty.  
  
"I don't know, Kase," she looked up, voice trembling. "I'm so scared all of the sudden. I know I had this all planned out, but now, I don't think I can do it. I can't face my parents with this."  
  
"It's OK," Kasey said, helping Megan get up. She flipped down the toilet lid and Megan sat down. "Just breathe and let's talk about this."  
  
"I can't breathe," Megan said. "I need my old clothes, my old life, my scholarship. I need to pretend this week never happened. Right?"  
  
"I don't know," Kasey said. "Tell me why. You planned this week for a reason. I know it was to prepare for college. Are you saying you got what you wanted out of this and you just want to go back to your plans to go to college? You go your way, I go mine?"  
  
"No, no," Megan said, shaking her head. "I don't want that either. I don't know what I want."  
  
"Have you had fun this week?" Kasey asked. "Like, if you could be doing anything six months from now, what would it be?"  
  
"I don't know," Megan said. "I like the modeling site idea. Doing that with you would be fun. Or being like an executive assistant for some hot older man, helping him succeed at his job. And you being an assistant to someone in the same office. Maybe we even share the guys. Or they share us."  
  
"That would be fun," Kasey smiled.  
  
"Basically, whatever it is, I want to do it with you," Megan said, her mind clearing. "I want to be having fun, succeeding, serving cock, and hanging with you. I don't want to go to college or to a boring 9 to 5 job."  
  
"Sounds like you want what they are offering out there," Kasey said. "What you're afraid of is telling your parents, right?"  
  
"Yes," Megan said. "I'm terrified. I hate to embarrass them or disappoint them."  
  
"Look, I see that," Kasey said. "But your parents want you to be happy. I know that. So give them a chance."  
  
"You mean just tell them that I want to be a slut, that my career, my purpose is to be a sex toy?"  
  
"Maybe not in those words," Kasey giggled. "Look, why do you have to tell them right away? They don't have to know about the photo shoots. They don't have to be happy about skipping college, but maybe they can get behind you modeling for Quigley's stores. Like a marketing intern or something. They will understand the sexy outfits better that way. They can adjust over time. You don't have to hit them in the face with 'welcome home, by the way, I'm a slut and so is Kasey.'"  
  
They both laughed. "So, what if they find out sooner?" Megan asked. "Or kick me out of the house?"  
  
"Look, if that happens, you move in with me -- although good luck keeping my dad off you," Kasey grinned.  
  
"Who says I want to keep him off me?" Megan smiled.  
  
"Fair enough," Kasey said, "Well, we could do that, get our own place together, or move in with Mick and Harry. I think we have lots of options. No matter what, I'll be right there with you."  
  
"Thanks, Kase," Megan said, standing up and the adorable blonde. "I think I can do this now. Sorry for the drama."  
  
"You're the strongest person I know," Kasey said. "Except for Miles maybe. Dude is jacked!"  
  
They came out of the bathroom laughing and smiling, but quickly regained their professional decorum.  
  
"I assume all is OK?" Harry asked.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "Gentlemen, I'm very sorry for the disturbance. I understand you might need to punish me and I willingly accept that, of course."  
  
"Very mature of you," Mick nodded. "I think we can keep your punishment pretty light. Unbutton your vest."  
  
Megan did so, the vest hanging loose now, her breasts now in danger of being exposed at any moment. She looked over and Kasey was doing the same thing.  
  
"You're not being punished, Kasey," Mick said.  
  
"I understand, sir," Kasey said, "but with your permission, I would like to share the punishment. Megan and I are in this together. We know you all are in control, but we humbly ask that whatever our next steps are, that you please allow us to take them together."  
  
"Meaning both do the photo shoots, the internships, together?" Mick asked.  
  
"Yes, sir," Kasey said. "I think that's what is best for us and, well, hopefully that helps us be our best for all of you."  
  
Harry looked around the room. The men all nodded their approval of the request. "I think that's a very sound argument," Harry said.  
  
The girls took their seats and Harry laid out the plan that had been laid out while the girls were in the bathroom. Essentially, the girls would jointly take on three professional endeavors. During the day, they would intern together at Rothman's office. Megan would be his personal assistant and Kasey would be assigned to Megan's dad.  
  
One or two nights a week, the girls would work for Quigley, helping him launch his new apparel line and store. They would also do two or three photo shoots per week with Yelton. Training sessions with Miles and Joshua and cum diet days would be scheduled once the work schedules solidified.  
  
"We realize that we might need to cut back on some of the shoots or your time with Quigley in order to manage your time," Harry said. "But the primary thing is to get you started with Rothman and launch your online modeling. Then the other opportunities will fill in the gaps and we'll start to see how you adjust to each one. Any questions?" Harry asked.  
  
"Um, yes, sir," Megan said. "When do we start with Mr. Rothman?"  
  
"Monday," Harry said. "8 a.m. sharp, right Rothman?"  
  
"That's right," Rothman grinned. "I will text you both about how you should be dressed. Megan, you and your dad can pick up Kasey and you can all ride together."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. Dread once again creeped into her mind as she thought about riding in some skimpy outfit with her dad to work.  
  
They all agreed that the initial work and training plan, though fluid, was settled for now. They also agreed that any money made by the photo shoots would be split four ways, with the girls each getting 25 percent, Yelton getting 25 percent, and the rest going into a fund to help pay for additional clothing for the girls. Walters was put in charge of the finance committee, with support from Quigley and Rothman.  
  
Another committee was formed to ensure protection for the girls and adherence to certain codes of conduct by the board members. Miles was put in charge, with Harry and Yelton also supporting. Their overriding statement was simple and to the point, "The girls are never to be harmed in any way. Light slapping, hair pulling, and bondage are accepted. It is our belief all board members know how much is too much. Any excessive actions will be result in immediate exclusion from the group. Further, any sharing of school images, videos, documents, or other information will result in expulsion from all school functions and the associated perks."  
  
Everyone knew what the associated perks were and no one wanted to relinquish those. Still, they knew they were putting themselves at risk of exposure and public outcry. Careers could be ruined by scandalous, though legal activities. The conduct committee could not fully protect the board members from any leaks, but at least they had clear policies in place to quickly and decisively address any issues. It seemed the best they could do for now.  
  
"The overriding emphasis is only including people we know and trust," Harry summarized. "We also have plenty of embarrassing information on each member, so anyone wanting to expose us will be exposed themselves. I think we have a group that understands that and I'm not anxious to add others."  
  
"I agree," Miles said. "I appreciate you all including me on this and allowing Joshua and I to do the trainings with the girls. I think a pretty good baseline is anything rougher than what we do would be off limits. We take them to the edge so they are prepared, but not to hurt them."  
  
"What do you think of training with Miles and Joshua?" Mick asked, looking at Kasey. He knew from her lie detector test that she liked the rough stuff a bit more than Megan did. "Did any of it go too far?"  
  
"It was rough, sir," Kasey said softly, biting her lip. Then she smiled, "But I loved it. It wasn't too rough at all. But I agree that anything more would be too much."  
  
"I agree with not adding more members recklessly," Yelton said, "but what about adding new students? Does anyone have a strategy for that?"

"We do have some ideas," Mick said. "Not that we're going to turn away young beautiful women anxious to have sex with us, but I think we want to grow gradually, at least until we have worked out the kinks and have a more defined structure."  
  
"I agree," Quigley said. "Let's do it right and make it sustainable."  
  
"That said," Harry said, "I think we have identified one potential candidate, right Megan?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. She proceeded to tell them about April, the busty, sweet but somewhat dimwitted girl from the flower shop. She told them how beautiful and sexy she was, how accepting she was of Megan's overt sexuality, and how naïve she was. "She seemed pure, but not like, prudish. Pure like she didn't care what anyone else thought. Like, the simple answer is obvious to her. She has a bad relationship with her brother and her parents are gone. She's kinda lost, but so sweet and friendly."  
  
"We would have to be careful with her," Mick said. "She's the kind of girl you could take advantage of and she wouldn't know any better. Like Megan and Kasey, they will submit, but they understand. April, well, if she's how I think she is, we could probably do most anything to her. Our friend Meeks, the plastic surgeon, could have a field day with her. So, we just need to be careful and respectful. But yeah, she could be a lot of fun and I think Megan can convince her to meet with us."  
  
"That sounds great," Yelton said. "I would suggest, if I may, that you, Harry, Kasey and Megan meet with her. If she's accepting of the idea, you bring back to this group a bio, some photos, etc., for us to review and then we decide as a board whether to accept admission. It sounds like she's a perfect candidate, but I think that would be a good policy to have in place as we grow."  
  
"Yes," Miles agreed. "And upon acceptance, the training regimen would be outlined, customized to each student. Some will come in with different needs and experiences than others."  
  
"Speaking of different experiences and training needs," Quigley, the local shop owner, spoke up. "The PE teacher, Lisa Kavanaugh does she happen to be young, really pretty?"  
  
"Oh yeah, she's a smokeshow," Walters said. "She's been here a couple years now. Started right out of college. Why?"  
  
"I saw her name on the staff board when we were at the school yesterday," Quigley said. "I hadn't seen that name in a long time. I didn't know she was back."  
  
"Yeah, she was a student here, then went to college and got a job right after she graduated," Walters said. "She's a good teacher and a great piece of eye candy. Wears those leggings some days and you can just watch the heads turn when she walks down the hall."  
  
"Definitely the same girl then," Quigley said, shaking his head. "She might be an asset to us."  
  
Mick asked. "Do you girls know her?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "We both had her for PE."  
  
"Yes," Kasey added, "she's a great teacher. She's really nice. Everyone likes her. The boys REALLY like her, but we all do."  
  
"Did you ever hear any stories about her?" Quigley asked. "Any rumors about her time as a student?"  
  
"Well, yeah, there was a little thing when she first came back," Megan said. "The bikini picture."  
  
"What about it?" Harry asked.  
  
"The story is that Miss Kavanaugh did some modeling in college," Kasey said. "Nothing scandalous, but one of the guys found a picture of her online posing in a bikini. She looked beautiful. It wasn't inappropriate."  
  
"But they printed out tons of copies of the photo and posted it all over school," Megan said. "I felt so bad for her. I think she almost got fired."  
  
"For wearing a bikini in college?" Yelton asked, shaking his head.  
  
"Yeah, I think they thought her looks were going to make her a distraction for the guys in class," Megan said.  
  
"It was a nice picture, but the school is full of distractions," Walters, the geometry teacher said. "You and Kasey probably dropped the average test score by a full letter grade for all the guys in your classes."  
  
"Apparently, Lisa convinced them it wasn't going to be a problem and they kept her," Kasey said. "I'm glad they did. She's good. She's really into fitness, loves sports, and knows a lot about diet and exercise. Plus, she's just cool and really smart."  
  
"It sounds like Lisa is the real deal," Mick said. "Smart, beautiful, friendly. How the hell do you know her then, Quigley?"  
  
They all laughed, including Quigley.  
  
"It's kind of a long story," Quigley said. "Megan, will you bring me some water please?"  
  
Megan brought him a bottle of water and he pulled her into his lap, putting his hands inside her dress and playing with her tits. She kissed on his neck and ears as he told the story.  
  
"This was a few years ago," Quigley began. "Lisa was a senior in high school. 18 years old -- I made sure of that. Anyway, she and a friend of hers were in one of my stores. Her friend tried to shoplift a bikini. Our security guard caught her. I'm certain Lisa didn't know, but she was desperate to keep her friend out of trouble, begging them not to call the police. I happened to hear the commotion and had security bring her to my office.  
  
"She was gorgeous, but I wasn't thinking about anything other than talking to her about her friend so I could see if there was a reason we shouldn't call the police. She was so earnest, so sincere and adamant that her friend was a good person. She talked about some issues at home and that her parents would be extreme in their punishment. I was touched that Lisa was so concerned about her friend, but I also have always had a pretty strict policy about not tolerating shoplifting, as I'm sure you can understand."  
  
Quigley put his hand under Megan's dress, pulling her g-string aside as he touched her pussy. She felt him getting hard and wondered if it was because of her or Miss Kavanaugh. It made Megan jealous, hearing Quigley talk so longingly about another woman, though she had to admit that Miss Kavanaugh was extremely beautiful.  
  
"I told her I admired her loyalty and that I would help her friend if I could, but that I had to call the police," Quigley continued. "She almost had tears in her eyes at this point and was begging me. Said she would do anything. I asked her how old she was and she said she was 18 and asked why that mattered. I told her I could get in trouble if she wasn't. She thought I was offering her a job to work off her friend's debt and that she had to be 18 for the job. I explained that she could work her friend's debt off and told her exactly how she could do it by getting on her knees."  
  
Megan squirmed as Quigley stroked her pussy. She could feel his erection growing. This story, this memory of Lisa, was turning him on. She hoped she was too, but it felt like he was thinking of Lisa even as he touched her. Megan started feeling competitive, like trying to prove to him that she could make him feel better than anyone, even Lisa or Kasey.  
  
Quigley told them that Lisa protested at first, indignant that he would ask such a thing, What kind of girl did he think she was? Wasn't there something else she could do for him? Did he do this sort of thing to other young women?  
  
"It went on and on," Quigley said, smiling as Megan kissed and nibbled his ears. "But I told her it was my only offer. It wasn't unfair. It was a simple blowjob. Nothing more, nothing less. She admitted she had sucked cock before but she didn't think this was right. She thought I was too old and that she should only do such things for guys she dated. I finally gave her two minutes to suck or leave while I called the police. She got on her knees. I told her she was a good girl and I could something flash in her eyes, like that meant something special to her."  
  
Quigley, almost subconsciously, guided Megan to the floor. He pulled out his cock and looked down at her, "Good girl," he said. She realized he was wanting to re-enact his encounter with Lisa now, to show them what it was like, how he fucked her. Megan thought, "Fine, he might think he wants Lisa, but I'll show him who he really wants." She looked up at him, waiting for him to continue, to tell her Lisa did next.  
  
"She was still hesitant," Quigley said, looking down at Megan. But to her, it felt like he was looking right through her, seeing Lisa down there, not her. "She just licked and kissed the tip and put her hand on my shaft. Didn't even stroke it."  
  
Megan did exactly what he said, licking and kissing the tip, holding his shaft. "What a dumb bitch Lisa had to be not to do the job right," Megan thought, instantly regretting her negative thoughts about a teacher she truly liked and admired. Being competitive had its drawbacks.  
  
"I told her that good girls knew how to be bad girls when they need to be," Quigley chuckled. "I told her to put her hands behind her back and do it right or I'd make her call the police herself." Megan put her hands behind her back, looking up at him. "She started doing a better job, sucking, going deeper, taking me most of the way in her mouth. She had lots of suction, like she was hungry for it."  
  
Megan sucked hard on him, her cheeks hollowing, bobbing her head, going about three quarters of the way down on him.  
  
"She asked me if she was a good girl again now," Quigley said. "I told her that a good girl didn't stop half way. She bit her lip, nodded, and pushed herself down as far as she could. She almost got there, but she struggled a bit, so I put my hands on her head and helped her. When I felt her lips on my balls, I told her she was a very good girl."  
  
Megan started going down on him deeper and Quigley grabbed her head and pushed her all the way down, balls to chin. "Once she got past all the reluctance and hesitance and committed to the job, she was really good," Quigley said. "Like I said, she seemed hungry for it, like she craved it. I think she got off on the praise, the attention, being desired and used. Well, she didn't actually get off, but I did, of course. I came in her mouth. I didn't have to tell her to swallow it. She knew. Like I said, she was a good girl. A little reluctant, but she knew what she was supposed to do. Someone had taught her. Or she just instinctively knew. It was like she was only reluctant because she thought she was supposed to be."  
  
As he was saying this, he continued to face fuck Megan with long, deep strokes, his hands on the back of her head.  
  
"When she had finished swallowing, she looked up at me and thanked me for helping her," Quigley grinned. "I told her she owed me just one more thing. I told her she had to come back the next day. I knew she was a cheerleader. I had been to some of the games and seen her. I knew she had a game that next night and I wanted to fuck her with her uniform on. So, I told her to come back the next day after school and before the game. I told her to wear her uniform and give me one more blowjob and we'd call it even.  
  
"She protested that she had already done what I asked and that it wasn't fair. She said she wouldn't do it. I said, 'So, you're a good enough friend, a good enough girl, to give one blowjob, but not two?' Seems like an odd place to draw the line, doesn't it? She asked how she knew I wouldn't ask for another one and I told her she didn't, but that I was an honest man and she could trust me. I knew she didn't trust me, but she felt an obligation to her friend and I knew she actually liked sucking my cock. She could pretend she didn't like it and that she was only doing it because she had to. No guilt that way."  
  
He pulled his cock out of Megan's mouth and held it up, making her suck his balls.  
  
"She showed up the next day in that cute little cheerleading outfit. She asked one more time if she could do something else, but I could tell she was resigned to it. She assumed the position and she got right to it this time -- hands behind her back, taking me half way down on the very first bob of her head."  
  
Megan returned to sucking Quigley's cock, once again mirroring the story.  
  
"I told her that she was a very good, naughty girl and I think that made her happy," Quigley said. "Now, I'll admit this was an asshole move, but I couldn't resist. When I was ready to cum, pulled her head back with one hand and I aimed right at her chest. I came all over that blue and gold uniform. She protested, trying to get up and clean it off right away, but I stopped her. I told her she had to stay with me for a while until it dried. I knew she had plenty of time before the game, but not enough time to get it cleaned. She would be cheering with cum stains on her uniform. Sure, no one would know what they were, but she would have explain them. And she would see me in the crowd, both of us knowing that I had marked my territory."  
  
As he said this, Quigley pulled out of Megan's mouth and blasted his cum all over her vest, which she held together, understanding this load was meant to be warn, not consumed. "Good girl," he grunted. "Very good, very naughty little slut."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Megan said. "I won't clean it up."  
  
"Of course not," Quigley grinned. "Let it dry."  
  
"So, did you ever fuck her again?" Mick asked.  
  
"Nope," Quigley said. "Wish I would have, but it felt risky. She was smart and tough. She wasn't going to be bullied."  
  
"You know, this is crazy, but I think I remember that night," Yelton said. "I photograph a lot of the games and I definitely remember that girl you're talking about. I took a lot of pictures of her cheerleading. And I remember a night where there was a big stain on her uniform. I'm sure I still have the pictures."  
  
"Well, look," Mick said. "It's a great story. But are you saying you think she would still be like that? I mean, it's been what, six years?"  
  
"I don't know," Quigley shrugged. "But what makes me think she might be is a story I heard about a year later. A couple of the guys from the basketball team were working part time at one of my stores. I heard them talking in the break room one night about their bus trip after they won the regional championship the year before -- just a few months after she gave me the blowjobs. From what they said, apparently when the team played for the regional championship, the coach told the team that if they won, he had a gift for them. Rumor is, Lisa was the prize. I never heard her mentioned by name, but they said one really hot cheerleader offered to help motivate the team. They won, and on the two-hour bus ride back home, she supposedly took care of every player, every coach, even the bus driver. I admit the details might be exaggerated, but I believe there's some truth to it, and I believe she was the one who did it."  
  
"No way," Mick said. "If that's the case..."  
  
"Yeah, if that's the case," Quigley nodded, "I don't think a girl like that ever changes. She was born that way. Whether it was her experience with me or someone else, something unlocked whatever was keeping her bottled up. She went from trying to not suck me to giving herself to a busload of cocks. Maybe she finally realized why she had that body and what it was intended for. I'm sure she's a professional staff member, but I guarantee that natural slut is still inside her."  
  
"How do you think she could be involved?" Harry asked.  
  
"If I'm right, I think she would have an eye for students who might be the same way," Quigley said. "And I think she might be willing to help teach them their purpose and how to embrace it."  
  
"Those are the types of girls we really want," Mick said. "Like Megan and Kasey. They aren't gold diggers or bimbos looking to use their bodies for money. They want to use them to please and tease and trust doing the right thing will make them happy and successful."  
  
"That's Lisa exactly," Quigley said. "Had we known back then, she would have set the standard for this school of ours. What do you think, girls, would Lisa be a good coach?"  
  
"She's a great sports coach," Kasey said. "I mean, she taught us all a lot in PE. If she's the way you say she is, I'm sure she's really good at sex and at teaching it."  
  
"Was she better than me, sir?" Megan asked Quigley. He smiled, realizing that she didn't like the idea of someone being a better cocksucker than she was.  
  
"You're a good naughty girl too," Quigley grinned, not answering her question.  
  
"Thank you, sir," Megan said, disappointed that she didn't know where she ranked. "I agree with Kasey. Lisa is great. If she wants to be part of the school, I think it would be amazing."  
  
"I'm not sure how she would respond to me," Quigley said. "Walters, do you know her well enough or should the girls talk to her?"  
  
"I think the girls should talk to her," Walters said. "I agree with them, she's a good teacher and she cares about the students. I think they go to her, tell her what they're doing and that they would like some help from another woman better understanding how to do the things we want them to do. Appeal to her protective nature and her instincts to be a teacher and leader. She comes in as a consultant, helping train the girls and we sell her on the idea that she's also protecting them."  
  
"Then, if she hasn't changed too much," Quigley said, "the sight of some hard cocks is likely to get her juices flowing."  
  
"And the teacher becomes the student," Miles laughed.  
  
By this time it was almost 1 p.m. so they confirmed their group of seven as the official board and adjourned the meeting. Megan and Kasey went back to Megan's house. They had a plan. Megan needed Kasey there when her parents got home and she needed a way to introduce them to her new wardrobe as gradually as possible. So, they both put on bikinis -- thongs with much smaller tops than they normally wore, but hardly scandalous -- and lay out by the pool, waiting for Megan's parents to return.  
  
  
**PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND**  
  
Megan was incredibly nervous, but the girls put on some music and suntan lotion and relaxed in the sun. Megan didn't realize how sore and tired she was from the week of frequent and often vigorous fucking until now. It finally hit her and the warm sun felt like it was healing her. Despite her fears, she dozed off, laying on her belly, top untied so there was no tan line on her back. Kasey was lying next to her in the same position. They were both asleep when Michael and Susan Brandt returned from their week-long trip.  
  
"Hello girls!" Michael called out as he walked out onto the patio. He was so happy to be home and to see his girl. He couldn't believe she would be moving out, starting college in just a few weeks. He would miss her so much. Kasey too. She was like a second daughter to him. She had been such a great friend to Megan for so long. He was happy to see them together, sure that this was probably how they spent the whole week.  
  
Megan and Kasey both woke up, surprised they had fallen asleep. They sat up, holding their tops to their chests while they helped each other tie the backs again. Then Megan ran over to her dad, forgetting that her skimpier top barely constrained her breasts. She had to put her hand on her chest to keep them from spilling out before she reached him. She gave him a big hug, her nervousness gone for the moment as she was just happy to see him again. She looked over his shoulder and saw her mom coming out onto the patio and ran to her as well. Kasey also greeted her "second parents" with warm hugs. For that brief moment, it felt like old times, innocent times, as if the past week had never happened.  
  
Megan and Kasey had agreed to be as vague about their week as possible, just referencing laying out at the pool and relaxing as their primary activities. They helped Megan's parents unload the car and did their laundry for them.  
  
"The house looks spotless," Susan noted.  
  
"You sound surprised," Megan giggled. "Did you expect us to be throwing wild parties or something?"  
  
"You two?" Susan smiled. "No, I have to admit, I've never had to worry about you two doing anything like that."

Megan felt a pang of guilt, realizing that her good girl image, carefully built over 18 years, was going to make this transition for her parents to comprehend. Her plan was to have Kasey stay for dinner and they would make dinner together and then tell them about their work plans and, as they planned to present it, "put off college for now". They hoped a united front would help.  
  
"Honey, how about we just order some pizza for dinner?" Susan suggested. "I don't feel like cooking."  
  
Megan had visions of Darrell, the pizza guy who had been part of so many of the week's activities, showing up, pizzas in hand, expecting to be paid by both girls dropping to their knees. She shook the image out of her head.  
  
"No, Mom," she said. "Kasey and I are making dinner. You two just relax. You had a long drive."  
  
"Really?" Susan smiled. "You two are too much! Although your suits are not quite enough. Are those new?"  
  
"Yes, Mrs. Brandt," Kasey said. "We bought some new suits. I know they are a little smaller. We thought they would cut down on tan lines."  
  
"I see," Susan chuckled. "You two and your tan lines. Just make sure everything that needs to stay covered stays covered."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Kasey smiled. "I'll help Megan start getting things ready for dinner."  
  
"Hey, invite your dad," Michael said.  
  
"Oh, and we should invite Mick and Harry too," Susan said. "They were so nice to help out this week."  
  
Megan and Kasey gave each other worried looks. This was not part of their plan. But before they could think up an excuse, Susan was calling Kasey's dad and Michael was on the phone with Harry. Naturally, all three men were happy to accept the invitation.  
  
Michael ran to the store to pick up steaks to put on the grill while the girls prepared a tray of fresh fruit, mixed a salad and made a cheesecake for dessert. When Michael returned with the steaks, they insisted he sit down and relax. Megan managed the grill while Kasey set the patio table.  
  
Kasey's dad was the first to arrive and she hugged him, kissing him on the cheek. She noticed him look at Megan, who was bending over, adjusting the height of the flame on the grill. Her ass was split by the yellow thong, her barely covered pussy visible through the perfect gap.  
  
"See something that makes you hungry?" Kasey teased, knowing exactly what he was looking at.  
  
"Looks juicy. Pink in the middle, just like I like," he laughed, playing along but not blowing the girls' cover. He knew this had to be hard for them, Megan especially, and he was hoping his presence here could be a source of support and comfort rather than adding to the stress. Even though he wasn't part of the board meeting, he had been briefed by Mick as well as Kasey, and he supported all the decisions that had been made.  
  
Mick and Harry walked over shortly after Granderson had arrived and soon everyone was sitting around the table while Megan and Kasey finished the meal preparations and served drinks to everyone. They guys were all drinking beer while Susan, per her usual, requested a glass of wine. Megan and Kasey drank water. They sat next to each other, ready to support each other regardless of how this all went.  
  
Michael toasted Mick and Harry for them "watching out for my little girl." And Susan toasted Granderson for being a "gentleman and model single father." Megan and Kasey managed to keep from laughing, but it wasn't easy.  
  
"And here's a toast to our two soon-to-be college students," Michael said, raising his drink one more time. Mick, Harry and Granderson all glanced at the girls, who smiled sheepishly and sipped their water.  
  
"Um, about that," Megan said. "There's something I wanted to talk to you about."  
  
"About college?" Susan asked.  
  
"Yes," Megan said. "I, um, well, I kinda want to wait a little bit to go to college. I mean, I, well, I have a plan."  
  
"A plan?" Michael said, his tone changing from jovial to irritated. "I thought you had a plan already."  
  
"I did," Megan nodded. "And I still do. I just need some time to figure out who I am and what I really want."  
  
"You can do that, honey," Susan said. "Everyone does that. But you do it in college. You don't have to declare a major right away, but you can take some of the basic courses until you figure things out."  
  
"I know," Megan said. "And I'm not saying I won't do that. I just want to wait a little bit. I'll work in the meantime. I won't be a burden. I just want a little break from school."  
  
"A lot of people do that," Michael said, shrugging his shoulders and looking at his wife. "How long have you been thinking about this?"  
  
"Well, before graduation," Megan said. "A while now. But this week things kind of came together and it just makes sense to me."  
  
"How did things come together?" Susan asked, her voice concerned, challenging.  
  
"Well, Kasey and I..."  
  
"Kasey, you're going to delay school too?" Susan interrupted.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Kasey said. "Megan and I decided together."  
  
"And you're OK with this?" Susan asked Granderson.  
  
"Yes, Susan," Granderson said. "I was concerned too. But you know these two. They plan everything. They prepare. They think it through and they do it together. I trust their decision."  
  
"I guess we need to hear more about this plan," Susan said.  
  
"Well, Mr. Rothman offered us both the opportunity to intern in his office," Kasey said.  
  
"My boss?" Michael said. "Why was he talking to you two?"  
  
Mick could see the girls struggling to answer that question and jumped in. "Harry and I will take the blame for that," he said. "The girls were talking a little bit about kind of being nervous about college and about not wanting to move away from each other. They talked about how much fun it would be to work together some day, maybe in a nice office. I suggested if they were serious about that, they should get an internship in some office and see if they like that work environment."  
  
"Yeah," Megan said, smiling at Mick, thankful for his quick thinking. "So I called Mr. Rothman. He's the only person I could think of. He said he would be happy to have us work there for a while. He said he and you could both use an assistant, so Kasey is going to be your assistant and I'm going to assist Mr. Rothman."  
  
"You're going to work at my office?" Michael said, still wrapping his head around it.  
  
"Yes, Daddy," Megan said. "Is that OK?"  
  
"Of course it's OK," Michael said, smiling. "I still want you to go to college, but I'm proud of you for taking some initiative."  
  
"I'm still not sure I like it," Susan said.  
  
"Honey, it's not like they are flipping burgers," Michael said. "Real jobs in a real office. It will be good experience for them."  
  
"You guys do contracts and negotiations and stuff like that all day," Susan said. "Won't that be boring for them?"  
  
"Negotiations can be pretty tense and exciting," Michael countered. "Plus we can use the help on research and preparing presentations. And if they get bored, at least they will know what they don't want to do for their careers."  
  
"And they will see how much fun marketing can be," Susan laughed.  
  
Megan and Kasey looked at each other, cautiously optimistic about the way things were going so far. Nodding toward each other, they decided to go for it.  
  
"Well..." Megan smiled.  
  
"Don't tell me, you're going to work at my office too," Susan's laughter turned to worry.  
  
"No, Mom," Megan grinned. "But you still might see us at work sometimes. Mr. Quigley needs some people to help promote his new clothing line. He was looking for models."  
  
"Wait, models? Why were you talking to him?" Susan asked.  
  
"While I was waiting for Mr. Rothman to return my call, Kasey asked if there was anything you worked with that we could call," Megan said, her confidence rising now. "I thought about your clothing client. I couldn't remember his name, but I called the store, asked for the owner and told him who I was. Kasey and I went to see him and he said he would have some marketing opportunities for us to help with the promotion of his new store and clothing line."  
  
"That new store is all adult clothing," Susan said.  
  
"We are adults now, Mom."  
  
"That's not what I mean," Susan said. "I mean sexy clothes."  
  
"I like sexy clothes, Mom."  
  
"Did you get those suits at Mr. Quigley's store?" Susan asked.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Kasey said. "He said they looked good on us."  
  
"Of course he did," Susan said, rolling her eyes. "Does the idea of Kasey modeling things like this bother you?" she asked Granderson.  
  
"I'm not crazy about it," Granderson said, saying what he thought he should say. "But I'm OK with it. They are adults. They will be living at home. They will be safe, working for people we know, getting exposed to possible career options."  
  
"Exposed is right," Susan frowned. Then she nodded, "But it will be good experience. And at least I can make sure nothing goes too far. And at your dad's work, you will dress like professionals."  
  
"So, it's OK?" Megan asked.  
  
"Do you have time for both jobs?" Michael asked.  
  
"Yes, sir," Kasey said. "Mr. Rothman said we will probably work at your office every day. But Mr. Quigley said he would only need us a couple of times a week, either in the evenings or weekends. So I think it should be OK."  
  
"Well, I have to admit, you've put a lot of thought and effort into this," Susan nodded. "Honey, I'm OK with this is you are." Michael nodded that he agreed and the girls hugged each other, than ran around the table, titties jiggling, and hugged Megan's parents.  
  
Granderson, Mick and Harry weren't about to miss out, standing up and hugging the girls as well. Mick's body was between Megan and her parents, so he boldly groped her ass, even pulling on her thong during their embrace.  
  
"Don't forget about us," he said in her ear as he pinched her ass.  
  
As they separated, Megan looked him in the eyes and nodded. The jobs had been the hard part. The Mick and Harry part should be easy.  
  
"Whew!" Megan said, sitting back down. "I'm so glad that's over. Thank you guys for listening and trusting us."  
  
"It's not over," Susan cautioned. "This is all trial period stuff. But you know you can always talk to us about these things. Technically you're adults now, but you two will always be our kids," she said, nodding to Granderson.  
  
"Now I know why the house was so spotless," Michael joked, breaking the mood. "Any other bombshells for us, ladies?"  
  
"Not a bombshell, but we do have one other thing," Megan said. "Mick and Harry have been so great to us all week and, as you noted, we did a good job of cleaning, right?"  
  
"Yes..." Susan said.  
  
"Well, they wanted to know if Kasey and I could be available to come over a few days a week to help them out -- you know cook, clean, do laundry, take care of the yard, things like that."  
  
"We would pay them, of course," Mick added quickly.  
  
"Yeah, we just realized this week how much of a difference it made having them around," Harry said. "It's just a higher quality of life, having someone taking care of things that, frankly, we are just a little too old to be motivated to do anymore."  
  
"I certainly have no problem with that," Susan said. "I think it's great. I don't think you should pay them very much, if anything, either. You helped us out and you've been so good mentoring them this week. The least they can do is help you all when they aren't working."  
  
"I agree," Granderson said. "I think you girls are going to be busier this way than if you went to college."  
  
"Well, that's good because we have a lot to learn," Kasey smiled. Megan's parents appreciated the perceived humble, hard-working message. The guys appreciated her statement's true meaning. The week was over, but the education was just beginning.  
  
THE END